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Journal

(Vol. 1, No. 1)

Notes of the various economic & social
movements of Germany and elsewhere,
and especially of Prussia, from
the year 1848 to the present time,
and the unprinted or printed
extant, also the printed
and unprinted
periodicals, &c.

Frances Browne
With the Author's kind wishes
- 1845.

SONNETS,

AND OTHER POEMS.



SONNETS,

AND OTHER POEMS,

CHIEFLY DEVOTIONAL.

BY

MRS. THOMAS JEVONS,

EDITOR OF "THE SACRED OFFERING," AND "POEMS FOR
YOUTH, BY A FAMILY CIRCLE."

LONDON :
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND COMPANY.
LIVERPOOL : D. MARPLES.
1845.



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1845

TO

RICHARD ROSCOE, M.D.,

THE PLAYMATE OF MY INFANCY,

AND THE BELOVED FRIEND OF MY RIPER YEARS,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED,

BY

HIS GRATEFUL AND AFFECTIONATE SISTER,

M. A. JEVONS.

865115



THE Author of the following volume thinks it proper to notice that most of the Poems have already been printed in the "POEMS FOR YOUTH," in the "SACRED OFFERING," or other Annuals.

TOXTETH PARK, LIVERPOOL,

20TH JANUARY, 1845.



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POEMS.

THE TRANCE OF LADY RUSSELL.

“IT is said of Lady Russell (not the Lady Russell of sacred memory) that she was saved from a premature interment by the strong attachment of her husband—he would not allow any preparations to be made for her funeral, and even threatened with death those who should dare to separate him from the supposed corpse. After she had lain insensible, and to all appearance without life, for seven days and nights, she revived at the sound of the church bells.

THE pang of death is o'er at last,
The throbbing pulses rest;
How soft thy happy spirit passed
To regions of the blest!
And gently o'er thine angel face,
And o'er thy drooping eye,
Steals the last sad, mysterious grace
Of frail mortality.

Soon from that lovely scene of death
The mourners pass away,—
But *one* remains, with bosomed breath,
To watch thee night and day;
And still he gazes on thy bier,
Or holds thee to his heart,
And will not, cannot bear to hear
That ye are doomed to part.

And dare they venture on his woe,
And from the lover tear
A form more dear than aught below?—
Then, in his soul's despair,
He calls her from her deep repose,
And folds her to his breast,
And bids the darkened eyes unclose,
By death's dim shades opprest.

Unconscious to the voice of love,
The mourner calls in vain,—
Those pallid lips have ceased to move,
That once could soothe his pain:
Yet still he guards the funeral bed,
With one long, ceaseless gaze,
And fondly hopes, though hope is fled,
To catch life's quivering rays.

So pass the hours and days along,
Onee more the Sabbath smiles ;
Glad nature, with her heavenward song,
All grief and eare beguiles :
All—but that woe whieh, in the room
Of death, its vigil keeps,
And whieh the shadows of the tomb
In eeaseless sorrow steeps.

At length upon the mourner's ear
A peal of village bells,
Now distant—and again more near,
In ehangeful cadence swells.
Those tuneful sounds ! say, can they break
The silence of that face ?
Or e'er restore that faded cheek
To life's enkindling grace ?

Oh ! can it be, that gentle sighs
Steal softly on the air ?
That parting lips and opening eyes
Will chase his long despair ?
One instant, and he doubts no more,
But casts the shroud aside—
The gloomy trance of death is o'er,
He elasps a *living* bride !

TOO LATE! TOO LATE!

VERSES SUGGESTED BY A POEM ENTITLED "TOO SOON," IN THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER, 1830.

Too late! too late! with trembling speed
Say, didst thou e'er thy footsteps bend,
To know the doom that heaven decreed,
And gaze upon thy parting friend;
Hear the last stern award of fate,
That thou art come—too late! too late?

Too late! too late! with anguish keen
Say, have those thrilling words arose,
And, whispering still of what has been,
Redoubled all thy bosom's woes;
Telling of fair occasions o'er—
Too late! those days are thine no more?

And hast thou ever known the bliss
To call a guileless heart thy own;

And, having felt such bliss as this,
Left that fond trusting one alone ;
Then heard harsh tongues the tale relate,
And found remorse—too late ! too late ?

Or hast thou e'er a wanderer gone,
Upon a foreign shore to roam,
And when days, months, and years have flown,
Returned to seek thy father's home ;
Wept at the lone, deserted gate,
And breathed those bitter words—too late ?

Didst thou e'er stand beside the bed
Where conscious dying guilt was laid,
Watching the wild, ungoverned dread,
With which the words his breast invade—
Too late ! too late ! the last, worst pang,
Upon those quivering accents hang ?

So, tossed upon the stormy wave,
A mighty vessel braves the main ;
And, when no human hand can save,
Calls to Almighty aid—in vain !
The boat is there—but ah ! the sound,
Too late ! is shrieked in anguish round.

Too late! too late! those words of fire,
O let them dwell within thy breast,
To save thee from remorseless ire,
To give thee hope, and peace, and rest;
Nor thus, with thy expiring breath,
Too late! too late! be thine in death!

SONNET.

MATTHEW, CHAP. 11.

THE star of Bethlehem shone—and they who sought
The infant Jesus, blest the living ray,
As through the clear bright heaven it traced the way
To Mary's lowly roof: the wise men brought
Their costly offerings, where the child of God
Reposed in peace upon his mother's breast;
Around the sleeping Saviour then they prest,
Fell down, and worshipped him, in spirit awed.
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh, before *him* spread,
Whose offering is the pure and contrite heart
O Master! may I choose that better part,
No vain oblation bring—but ever led
In deep humility to seek thy shrine,
And offer there a trust and hope divine.

SONNET.

MATTHEW, CHAP. XI.

“ COME unto me,” the heavenly Teacher said,
“ All ye with labour and with toil opprest,
And I will give your wearied spirits rest—
And bear my yoke, and in my footsteps tread,
For I am meek and lowly, and will lead
Your souls to peace—for gentle is my yoke,
My burthen light.” Oh! not in vain were spoke,
Saviour, thy words of mercy—still decreed
To cheer my drooping soul upon its way
Through earthly scenes of trial, care, and strife.
Yes, I will come to thee—thy words of life
Shall calm each anxious thought, and chase away
The hopes, the fears, the vain desires that rise
To lure my spirit from its kindred skies.

SONNET.

ON SEEING THE PICTURE OF "CHRIST RAISING THE WIDOW'S SON," BY AGOSTINO CARACCI.

"Weep not," he said, and touched the lowly bier,
 Whilst wondering faces round the Saviour prest :
 "Young man, I say to thee, arise!" how blest
 Those accents fall upon the mother's ear !
 Yet still she bends in weeping reverence near,
 Crushed with the woe that rends a mother's breast :
 Redeemed from death at the divine behest,
 Behold the pallid form that rises there !
 The struggling life—the wild, bewildered gaze—
 The words that on the quivering lips expire !
 O deed of love ! that heavenly art arrays
 In tints immortal, may that love inspire
 All holy hopes to chase my spirit's gloom,
 When shuddering o'er the horrors of the tomb.

SONNET.

MATTHEW, CHAP. IV.

UPON the mountain's height he stood—below,
The kingdoms of the world around him spread
Their glories to his view—the Tempter said,
“ Fall down and worship me, and I'll bestow
Upon thee all these things.”—“ Hence, thou shalt bow
To God alone!”—replied the Holy Son—
“ Him only shalt thou serve—Satan, begone!”
Awed by his voice divine, and threatening brow,
The Tempter instant fled—and borne on wing
Of love, the ministering angels come,
In robes of light, and heaven's immortal bloom,
Aid from above with gentle hands to bring—
And shall we tremble in our high career,
When He who guarded Jesus still is near?

SONNET.

MARK I. 9, 10, 11.

To Jordan's flowing stream the Saviour came
From Galilee, and sought the prophet's aid
To be baptized of him—but John forbade,
And said, “Have I not need in thy blest name
To be baptized—and comest thou to me?”
But Jesus answered, “Let it now be so,
Let us fulfil all righteousness below.”
After the rite, as through the swelling sea
The Saviour walked, behold the glowing sky
Was opened, and descending, like a dove,
Came the pure Spirit from the realms above,
And rested on the Son of God from high;
Whilst lo! a heavenly voice—“This is my Son,
In whom I am well pleased,” greeted the Holy One!

SONNET.

MATTHEW, CHAP. VIII.

THE furious tempest rose—and the wild wave
Swept o'er the bark where holy Jesus slept—
His fearful followers woke him—“Master, save,
O save us, or we perish!”—He who kept
The stormy deep was there—the Saviour said,
“Why are ye fearful, ye of little faith?”
—He rose—and at his voice the waters fled,
The winds were hushed to peace, and not a breath
Disturbed the calm profound.—Oh! Master, still,
When storms of care and sorrow round me press,
May the blest words my aching bosom fill,
And thy rebuke my bursting sighs repress,
“Why art thou fearful, when the power divine,
That awed the stormy deep, is ever thine!”

SONNET.

LUKE, CHAP. IV.

HE stood within the temple—on his brow
Sat heavenly wisdom, and his Father's love—
The holy book before him—and below,
The people round their gracious Saviour move :
The page with great Isaiali's vision fraught,
Then with a voice divine the Master read—
“The Spirit of the Lord is on me—taught
To preach the gospel to the poor—and led
By Him to heal the broken heart—to preach
Deliverance to the captives—to the blind
Restore their sight again—and I must reach
Aid to the bruised ones, and their chains unbind.”
O words of love and mercy—still shall rest
Their spirit, Jesus, in thy follower's breast !

SONNET.

MATTHEW, CHAP. IV.

To the dark wilderness in spirit led,
Our Saviour fasted — and the Evil One
Came to him tempting — “ If thou be the Son
Of God, command these stones to be made bread.”
And Jesus answered him, “ Man is not fed
By bread alone, but by the words that come
From God’s own mouth.” — Upon the temple’s dome,
Within the city, then they stood — and said
The Tempter, mocking, “ If thou art indeed
His Son, cast thyself down — ’t is writ that He
Has given his angels charge concerning Thee.”
To whom the Saviour — “ ’T is again decreed,
Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.” May I,
Master, like thee, the power of sin defy !

SONNET.

JOHN, CHAP. IX.

HE stood in darkness, and to him unknown
This living world of loveliness and light,
Till, touched by Jesus' hand, the shades of night
Fell from his sightless orbs, and round him shone
The kindling beams of day—and shall we own
The power divine that chased his earthly gloom.
Nor listen to the voice that said, "I come,
A light to those who see not"!—From the throne
Of merey infinite, the heavenly rays
Of truth descend upon the sinking heart
Of darkened man.—The heavy shades depart
Of sorrow, sin, and death, and to his gaze
The glories of immortal love unfurled,
Disclose the visions of a brighter world.

SONNET.

JOHN, CHAP. XI.

“ I AM the resurrection and the life,
He who believes on me shall never die.”
These, Master, were thy words, and still rely
My hopes unmoved upon them, 'mid the strife
Of earthly care — and then I follow thee
To the cold grave where Lazarus is laid —
I see thy tears, and Mary asks thine aid —
The aid is present — “ That thou heardest me,
Father, I thank thee ” — and thou criest aloud
To Lazarus — “ Come forth ! ” — he lives — he
breathes —
The funeral garb is rent — the many wreathes
Of death are torn away, and the pale shroud —
Whilst wondering forms around the Saviour move,
And own the presence of Almighty love.

SONNET.

LUKE, CHAP. XVIII.

“SUFFER the little ones to come to me,
Forbid them not,” the gracious Saviour said.
And laid his hand upon each infant head—
“Of such my Father’s kingdom, and as free
From guile and sinfulness your hearts must be,
If you would enter there.”—Words of a love
Divine and pure—oh! may I ever prove
Gentle and meek—in deep humility
Bending my spirit, Jesus, to thy sway,
Like yielding infancy—and when with smiles
I bless some loved one who my care beguiles.
May every thought thy mild command obey,
With childlike trust upon thy promise rest.
And seek the shelter of a Father’s breast.

SONNET.

STRETCHED on the cross, with mortal woe opprest,
The Son of Man breathed forth his parting sighs—
Darkness o'erspread the earth, and then the cries
Of smitten hearts were heard—and nearer prest
His mother, and the follower whom he loved—
“Mother, behold thy son!” the Saviour said,
“Behold thy mother!”—and the o'erwhelming dread
Of death came o'er him—yet his pale lips moved
With love and mercy still—as the base crowd
Mocked at his sufferings, and the tumult grew—
“Father, forgive, they know not what they do”—
Was heard amid his anguish, and aloud
He cried, “T is finished!”—bowed his hallowed head,
And to his God the chastened spirit fled!

VERSES,

ADDRESSED TO MY ELDEST SON, ON HIS BEING ACCIDENTALLY
PRESENT AT A FUNERAL.

AND thou didst gaze, beloved child !
Upon that mournful scene,
And on the gloomy pageant smiled,
With gay and careless mien.

And thou didst follow in the train
With wondering, laughing eye,
Alas ! how oft thou 'lt see again
That pageant passing by.

Death ! 't is a word unknown to thee,
My bright and blooming boy,
And yet what thoughts it brings to me,
To damp a mother's joy.

It tells me, if the conqueror spares
Thy years to manhood's hour,

To taste of life and all its cares,
Yet thou must feel his power.

And long before that destined day,
With bitter sighs and tears,
Thou 'lt see beloved ones pass away,
And grieve o'er many biers.

I see them pass, and thou art there,
— Ah ! not as once thou stood,
A mirthful creature, free from care,
In joyful, reckless mood,—

But in life's stern reality,
The dream of childhood o'er,
I see thee pass a mourner by,
Where thou hast smiled before.

And when the hour arrives that thou
Shalt aet the mourner's part
For her who gazes on thy brow
With all a mother's heart ;

Oh ! if no sad regrets are thine,
That she who should have led
Thy youthful feet to wisdom's shrine,
To Him who shields the dead,—

If she her trust shall well achieve,
Shall guide thy steps to God,—
Then let not fond affection grieve
Upon thy mother's sod.

For thou in all thy infant mirth,
And she in matron pride,
Shall pass a few short years on earth,
Then slumber side by side.

SONNET.

SEE ! from his eastern couch the Sun arise,
To run his glorious race—and scatter round
His heavenly rays to earth's remotest bound,
Whilst songs of praise and joy salute the skies.
Image of one more beautiful ! whose light
Can know no change—whose living glories shine
In human hearts that kindle at his shrine.
The heathen worships thee—and shall thy bright
Unspotted beams awake my eyes in vain
To this fair world of harmony and love,
Nor yet a holier joy my bosom move
To raise a voice of praise in nature's fane,
And bless the light that scatters mortal gloom,
And sheds a deathless radiance o'er the tomb.

SONNET.

ON A BIRTH-DAY EVE.

'T is not on coming years of weal or woe
I muse distrustful—for, O God, to thee
Meekly I bend an unreluctant knee,
Nor wish the secrets of thy will to know.
I muse upon the past—on days that fled
On noiseless pinions, and that bore on high
The record of my deeds—with mournful eye
I see their shadows pass; like friends long dead,
They wear a form familiar—sad, yet sweet—
Telling the while of hopes, and joys, and fears,
Of pleasure's rosy smiles, and sorrow's tears;
And I will listen to their voice, and meet
With humble heart the tale of other days,
Mingling a prayer of penitence and praise.

VERSES.

O THOU ! whose brow, serene and calm,
From earthly stain is free,
View not with scorn that lost one's fate.
— She once was pure like thee.

'Though in thy lovely form and face
Health's rosy glow we see,
Yet shrink not from that faded form,
— She once was fair like thee !

Thou in thy father's home may dwell
In peace and purity ;
Yet pity her, though friendless now,
— She once was blest like thee.

Perchance the smiles of love are thine,
Its joyful ecstasy ;
Then weep for that forsaken one,
— She once was loved like thee.

And still, 'mid shame, and guilt, and woe,
One Being loves her still!
Who makes thee blest, and pours on her
The world's extremest ill.

He knows the secret lure that led
Her youthful steps astray;
He knows that thou, in all thy pride,
Might fall from Him away;—

Then, with the love of Him who said
“Depart, and sin no more,”
Shield from despair that wretched one,
And bid her pangs be o'er.

TO W. S. J.

BRIGHT beam of joy, amidst the gloom,
My lovely babe! my latest born!
A light through shadows of the tomb,
A hope to hearts by sorrow torn,—

Thou camest, when o'er the lowly bed
Of infant death I bent in woe;
Thou badest me raise my drooping head,
And future days of promise know.

Thou smilest *now*, when bitter grief
Has bowed my suffering soul to earth,—
Thou smilest now to bring relief,
And waken thoughts of holier birth.

Thy radiant looks, thy angel smile,
Tell of the world where tears shall cease,—
Where, parted but a little while,
Our loved ones rest in perfect peace.

V E R S E S .

HOME of my youth ! when the soft light is breaking
O'er vale and o'er mountain to welcome my waking.
I think of the sun that shines bright on thy morning.
Thy groves and thy valleys with beauty adorning.

I see the sweet flowers that around thee are growing.
The river so fair, through thy verdant meads flowing;
The green earth beneath, and the blue sky above thee.
Home of my youth ! still fondly I love thee.

Home of my youth ! when the daylight is failing.
I see the light skiff o'er thy far waters sailing;
The sun gently sinks in the ocean to rest,
And I watch his last beams as they fade in the west.

When the day is departed, and darkness is o'er thee.
The dreams of the night in thy beauty restore thee;
I wander once more through the groves and the bowers,
And taste of the sweetness that dwells in thy flowers.

Thoughts of my lost home! O cling to me ever,
Nor days, months, and years thy dear memory can
sever;
Ne'er from my heart shall the cold world remove
thee,
Home of my youth! still fondly I 'll love thee!

THE SABBATH.

MORNING.

"T is not as when th' Eternal mandate came,
" Let there be light!" that now, sweet Sabbath day,
Thy opening beams upon my easement play,
Bidding me life from dreamy sleep reclaim.
But rather art thou like that blessed hour,
When Jesus burst the fetters of the tomb,
And the dark visions of our earthly doom
Fled from the glories of the living power.
So soft thy rays upon my soul descend !
The harbingers of faith, and hope, and love,
Which, through thy quiet day my soul shall prove
For Him on whom all earthly joys depend ;
For Him who scatters thus the shades of night,
And brought His only Son to life and light !

THE SABBATH.

NOON.

I HAIL the radiance of thy noontide beams,
Fair Sabbath ! brighter than the kindling rays
That wont to cheer our souls in other days,
Less blest than thou ; and now all nature seems
More joyful and more sweet. The very bird
Carols more softly in the woodland shade,
And as I listen, through the opening glade,
The melting sound of village bells is heard.
'T is silent—then a rich and solemn strain,
From human voices, swells upon the air
With melody divine.— And thou art there,
Spirit of Peace, amidst that humble train
Of thy own followers ; and I bless the Power
That dwells around me in this Sabbath hour.

THE SABBATH.

EVENING.

Now in the stillness of the evening hour—
A Sabbath stillness—I would bend my way
Far from the haunts of men, where gently play
The sun's departing rays on every flower,
Closing in seeming sleep their dewy leaves;
Or, 'mid the scene of man's mortality,
With eye uplifted to the deep blue sky,
Rest on the mother earth, who still receives
Her children to a cold and long embrace.
But not for ever! She shall yield again
The forms we loved so well, and not in vain
Shall be their slumbers in this sacred place—
That which is sown in earth shall bloom above,
In the pure heaven where dwells eternal love.

THE SABBATH.

NIGHT.

BLEST is the Sabbath night, when silence keeps
Her faithful vigil o'er the slumbering world;
When the pure glories of the heavens unfurled
Tell of His love and care who never sleeps.
Blest is the Sabbath night, to him who dares
To gaze with tranquil eyes, as darkness falls
Around his couch of rest; who then recalls
Past hours of sacred joy, and swift repairs,
With kindling bosom, to communion sweet
At an eternal shrine — no conscious dread
Of unrepented guilt shall haunt his bed,
No shades of wasted days his eyes shall greet.
But softly, as the light of morn arose,
Shall the calm Sabbath of the Christian close.

“WHAT IS THAT TO THEE? FOLLOW THOU ME.”

JOHN XXI. 22

AND dost thou speak of friendship lost,
Of hopes deceived, of true love crost,
Oh! Christian, what is that to thee?
'T is Jesus whispers, “Follow me.”

But dost thou tell of sorrow's doom,
Of thoughts that centre in the tomb?
Ah! what is that sad scene to thee?
'T is Jesus whispers, “Follow me.”

Does conscience tear thy aching breast,
And rob thy days and nights of rest?
Still, Christian, all thy pangs shall flee,
When Jesus whispers, “Follow me.”

Amidst the world's seducing snares,
And mammon's soul-degrading cares,
Still pure thy Christian path shall be,
For Jesus whispers, "Follow me."

And in the closing scene of life,
'Mid all the spirit's anxious strife,
Christian! those words shall comfort thee,
And Jesus whisper, "Follow me."

SONNET.

ON THE DEATH OF S. H.

O LAY her gently on her infant bier,
And shed fond tears, and weave a funeral wreath
Of the pale roses of the wintry year,
Less lovely than the flower that fades beneath.
Yet do not weep in anguish! let no breath
Disturb the stillness of her blissful sleep,
So beautiful! we will not call it death,
But round her couch our silent vigils keep.
Image of peace, and innocence, and love!
We would not murmur at thy deep repose.
Or call thee ours, the ills of life to prove,
And taste the bitterness of mortal woes.
Oh blest! to feel thy guiltless course is run,
Thy fadeless crown without the strife is won!

H Y M N .

WHEN human hopes and joys depart,
I give thee, Lord, a contrite heart,
And on my weary spirit steal
The thoughts that pass all earthly weal.

I cast above my tearful eyes,
And muse upon the starry skies ;
And think that he who governs there
Still keeps me in his guardian care.

I gaze upon the opening flower,
Just moistened with the evening shower,
And bless the love which made it bloom,
To chase away my transient gloom.

I think, whene'er this mortal frame
Returns again from whence it came,
I shall but slumber in the ground
Till heaven's awakening trumpet sound ;
Then wing my spirit's happy flight
To regions of eternal light !

ELEGY.

ON THE DEATH OF M. L.

“Vatene in pace, alma beata e bella.”

OH ! not for thee the tear shall fall,
 Pure spirit ! in the realms of bliss;
 And yet shall memory oft recall
 Thy last farewell, thy parting kiss.

And often o'er departed hours,
 When hope and peace were round thy way,
 Amid our lost paternal bowers,
 My faithful steps with thee shall stray,—

Shall hear again the voice I loved,
 Again upon thy features gaze,
 When equal joys our bosoms proved.
 In youth's unclouded sunny days.

Alas ! how soon those moments fled,
How fast the shades around thee rose ;
And now I mourn thee 'midst the dead,
Now o'er thy grave my sorrow flows.

O fondly loved in days gone by,
Still dearer in the days to come,
Upon thy faith I 'll fix my eye,
And seek, like thee, a heavenly home.

And still thy parting pledge shall be
Inspirer of each holy trust,
To bear each earthly cross like thee,
And smile 'mid visions of the dust.

So, though removed to realms of love,
Thy guardian form shall hover near,—
Shall whisper, “ I am blessed above,
O live like me, and meet me here.”

SONNET.

TO A FRIEND, ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA.

FAREWELL! to lands where peace and freedom dwell,
To hearts that shrink not at approaching fate,
And own no homage to a Tyrant's state,
Thy happy, native land, Heaven speed thee well!
And health and hope attend thee, and the bliss
To meet the loved ones of thy heart again,
And feel each lingering hour of anxious pain,
That absence gave, o'erpaid by joy like this.
Not then, perhaps, but when thy heart has room
To think of others, sometimes think of us,
As those who knew and loved thee—ever thus
Remember us in days and years to come;
And the cold world, nor ocean spreading wide,
Shall friendship in the trust of Heaven divide.

SONNET.

TO MISS RANDLE, THE LATE CELEBRATED MUSICIAN.

ENCHANTRESS ! as thy fairy fingers stray
Thy much-loved harp's melodious strings among,
My spirit bows beneath the magic sway
Of thy resistless art, and, borne along
By sounds of more than earthly harmony,
Feels a strange joy that words were vain to speak ;
And from my bosom bursts the unconscious sigh,
And tears unbidden fall upon my cheek.
Say, is it aught of earth that prompts the strain,
And pours the soul of music o'er thy mind ;
Or does the love of heaven and virtue reign
Within thy breast, and in sweet union bind
All soft affections—that thy touch inspires
Such holy hopes, high thoughts, and pure desires ?

SONNET.

A YOUTHFUL voyager on life's stormy sea,
With fearful eye I view the dread expanse,
And cast an anxious and enquiring glance
Towards the depths of dim futurity.—
Oh Thou ! who freighted out my fragile bark,
And launched it safely on the world's rough main.
What art shall shield from sorrow and from pain,
And guide me safely o'er these paths so dark ?
Thy Word, oh God ! for as the mariner still
Turns to his faithful magnet's wondrous power,
To find mysterious aid when tempests lower,
So in each worldly strife, each mortal ill,
Close to my heart thy holy dictates prest,
I'll seek the haven of eternal rest.

SONNET.

ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

WINTER, I fear thee not! though long I 've seen
Thy dread approach, clad in thy mantle grey,
And icy weeds, and blasting in thy way
Fair nature's lingering sweets, and robes of green.
Ah no! I fear thee not, thou canst not steal
My homefelt bliss—thou canst not bid me part
With hopes and joys that cheer and fill my heart,
And kindred ties which teach that heart to feel—
Safe bosomed in my loved and happy home,
With friendship, books, and music's soul-felt charm,
My days flow cheerful on, content and calm;
No eity joys can give a wish to roam.
Come, Winter, cast around thy tracts of snow,
My mind no cheerless winter e'er shall know.

SONNET.

To J. E. R.

My friend and sister! when amid the bowers
Of our deserted home, we loved to play
In unreproved delight the hours away,
And twine sweet garlands of our loveliest flowers,
To deck a rural throne—with what delight
I placed a rosy wreath upon thy brow,
And breathed a prayer that thou mightst never
know,
Upon that day a joy less pure and bright.
The day returns in sorrow, and the smile
It wont to raise is mingled with our tears.
Yet grieve not, oh, my sister! future years
Of peace and joy may wait thee, and beguile
Thy young heart of its woe—and Heaven shall spread
A fadeless wreath around thy modest head!

SONNET.

To J. G. R.

FAREWELL, beloved one ! I do not say
Forget me not, when I am far from thee—
Thine infant heart has yet no memory,
For those who love thee, but are far away.
Thou wilt forget me, and the eyes that loved
To look in thine—and arms that fondly prest
And shielded thee, by sleep or tears opprest,
Will die in thy remembrance—but unmoved
My love shall be, and with a mother's heart
I'll seek to bless thee, dearest ! and to shed
Peace, honor, virtue on thy youthful head ;
And I will teach thy footsteps to depart
From paths that lead to death, and bid thee trust
In thy God and in mine—the merciful and just !

SONNET.

I SAW a happy bride—within a home
Of wedded bliss, she smiled on one who loved
Her gentleness, in manhood's opening bloom ;
Whose heart for her its earliest passion proved.
And she was blest—the heaven that shone so bright,
Shone not so brightly as those soft, dark eyes,
Nor shed on all around a tenderer light—
Her passing griefs were breathed in blissful sighs.
For he was near to soothe her slightest pain,
And give to woe the semblance of a joy.
A few short years, I past that house again—
'T was desolate—a father led his boy
To a lone grave, and mourned in deep despair
For that once happy bride who slumbered there.

SONNET.

I LOVE to wander o'er this drear domain,
And press with lingering foot the tangled heath,
And feel upon my burning cheek the breath
Of heaven's untainted gales—above the plain
The startled birds in strange amazement soar,
The insidious vipers in the dark moss stray,
The cuckoo's note at distance dies away,
And the wild curlew screams along the moor.
Through paths of sorrow, and o'er wastes of woe,
Thus doomed to wander, yet no bursting sigh
Shall tell the story of my misery,
Or let the slaves of earth my feelings know:
For I can bow beneath a Father's rod,
And trace amid these scenes the hand of God.

SONNET.

ON SEEING PORTRAITS OF MY ELDER BROTHERS TAKEN WHEN
THEY WERE CHILDREN.

My brothers ! oh ! what varied thoughts ye raise,
What mingled joy and woe my bosom press,
As, with a sister's heartfelt tenderness,
Upon each blooming face I fondly gaze.
And were ye thus in childhood's happy day,
Thus beamed each speaking eye with pure delight,
Thus waved your dark-brown locks in clusters bright,
Each youthful brow so fair, each smile so gay ?
Ah yes ! for though your sister view ye now,
In manhood's pride, and life's maturer grace,
Yet still expressed in each ingenuous face,
Unblemished truth and purest virtue glow ;
And still with soft affection I can blend
The gentle names of brother and of friend.

SONNET.

As tempest-tost, upon the stormy main,
We view a little skiff before us ride,
And, boldly wrestling with the adverse tide,
The wished-for haven all securely gain.
How eagerly we urge our bark along,
Nor heed the swellings of the boisterous gale,
That scatters in the wind our slender sail,
And the wild mountain billows round us throng.
So when the virtuous yield their mortal trust,
Though youth or beauty perish in the tomb,
Yet hope shines brighter 'mid the funeral gloom,
To guide us to the mansions of the just;
And we will haste to gain that land of rest,
Where hope is certainty, and virtue blest.

H Y M N .

WHEN hope and fear alternate reigned
Within my changeful heart,
Still, Father! thou my trust sustained,
And bade my fears depart.

When, after anxious hours of pain,
Thy joyful presence beamed,
And when a mother's bliss again
Through all my being streamed,—

Say did I then thy mercy own,
Thy plenitude of love?
No—future hours and days alone
My gratitude can prove.

O may I teach this wayward breast
The lessons of thy hand;
Content to live at thy behest,
Or die at thy command.

SONNET.

IN the dark hour of sorrow—when thy breast
Is filled with thoughts of anguish, deep and keen,
And memory weeps o'er hopes that once have been—
Seek, sufferer, seek the Christian's hallowed rest.
To thy torn heart in holy trust be prest
The book of God—and on His promise lean,
Whose aid is ever thine; where, all unseen
By mortal eye, the tears so long represt
Flow long and uncontrolled—O then His love
Shall turn those tears to rapture—He shall raise
Thy vanished joy to bliss that angels prove,
And tune thy voice to hymns and songs of praise.
The bitter conflicts of thy soul shall cease,
And Heavenly Mercy win thy soul to peace.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

O LET your mingling voices rise
In grateful rapture to the skies,
 And hail a Saviour's birth ;
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus all-triumphant came,
 To bless the sons of earth.

He comes to bid the weary rest,
To heal the sinner's wounded breast,
 To bind the broken heart ;
To spread the light of truth around,
And to the world's remotest bound
 The heavenly gift impart.

He comes our sinking souls to save,
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
 And chase our fears away ;

Triumphant over death and time,
To lead us to a happier clime,
Where reigns eternal day.

Then let your mingling voices rise,
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth ;
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus all-triumphant came,
To bless the sons of earth.

HYMN.

“THY KINGDOM COME.”

RAISED on devotion's lofty wing,
O God, each glowing thought I bring,
 To celebrate thy praise ;
To-day let care and sorrow cease,
And the blest hopes of future peace
 Inspire my sacred lays.

Behold the happy earth rejoice,
Around the world a Saviour's voice
 Proclaims the word of love ;
The reign of vice and pain is o'er,
Warfare and strife can rage no more,
 Nor sin our virtue move.

Ambition droops her towering head ;
Revenge and anger, captive led,
 Now cease to haunt our way ;
Pride in the pomp of state arrayed,
And vile oppression's triumphs fade,
 And shun the light of day.

Heirs to a world of blissful rest,
By tyrant-sway no more opprest,
 We seek the immortal crown ;
And bow before the throne of God,
All fearless of the bigot's rod,
 Or superstition's frown.

Father of heaven and earth ! whose eye
Broods o'er the vast eternity,
 May thy blest kingdom come ;
And the sure promise thou hast given
Shall purify my soul for heaven,
 And guide my spirit home.

H Y M N.

WHEN mortal joys take wing and flee,
I own thy chastening rod ;
My wandering heart returns to thee.
My Father and my God !

I know thou wilt not chide in vain,
But with a parent's love ;
The gracious hand that gives me pain.
Will all my comfort prove.

Oh ! for an angel's tongue, to speak
The treasures of thy grace,
Still open, when we haste to seek,
And bow before thy face.

Then in the gloomy night of grief,
I'll trust thy guardian power ;
Omnipotence can bring relief,
And cheer the darkest hour.

SONNET.

SHADE of my sainted Mother! if thy gaze
Is turned, as it was wont, on one who loved
To meet that tender glance—on one who proved
Thy gentle care, in past and happy days,
Whilst yet this mortal veil the bliss delays
To feel thy fond embrace—where, far removed,
Thou dwellst in light supreme—revered, beloved!
Look on thy suffering child! O let some rays
Of thy celestial virtue arm my soul
To bear the sorrows of life's changeful doom:
In heavenly strength these bitter thoughts control,
And save me, guard me, to the quiet tomb—
To that blest home where earthly cares shall cease,
And I shall greet thee in the realms of peace.

RESIGNATION.

I 'LL teach my heart to be resigned
To all thy sovereign will;
Whate'er thou choosest must be best,
Cease, idle fears! be still.

If life and health should be thy boon,
O may I try to prove,
By every word, and thought, and deed,
My soul's unbounded love.

If sickness or if death invade
This feeble house of clay,
Thy presence, Lord! shall cheer the gloom.
And chase my fears away.

Thus sheltered in a Father's arms,
My cares shall sink to rest,
As a fond infant finds repose
Upon the parent breast.

SONNET.

1 CORINTHIANS, CHAP. XV.

BEHOLD, I shew you all a mystery—
You shall not sleep—but, at the trumpet's sound,
The dead shall rise in glory from the ground,
And mortal put on immortality:
And when this frail corruptible shall be
Raised incorruptible—then shall be brought
To pass, what in the Sacred Word is taught,
And death be swallowed up in victory.—
Where is thy conquest, grave! and where thy sting,
O death! Thanks be to God, who by his Son
Has made us conquerors. My brethren, on
This hope, immovable and stedfast, bring
Your works unto the Lord—because ye know
Your labours will not unrewarded go.

SONNET.

REVELATIONS, CHAP. XIV.

I saw an angel in the midst of heaven,
Bearing to earth the everlasting Word,
To every people, tongue, and nation given—
Then, as I gazed, a mighty voice was heard,
“ Fear God, and give him glory, for the hour
Of judgment comes, and worship Him who made
The earth and sea—by whose almighty power
The lofty sky with starry lights was laid.”
Another angel came—and cried aloud,
“ Great Babylon is fallen—fallen low,
She at whose haughty word the nations bowed.”
At last a voice—“ Blessed are they who go
To sleep in Jesus—from their labours cease,
And their works follow them to realms of peace.”

SONNET.

ACTS, CHAP. XII.

BEHOLD ! a light within the prison gloom
Shone forth—and to the sleeping saint of God
Appeared an angel : with his heavenly rod
He smote the holy man—as from the tomb
Raised him to life, and said, “ Arise, and come !
Come quickly hence !”—from off the prisoner’s
hands
Fell all untouched the harsh and iron bands.—
“ Gird on thy sandals, and thy robes resume,
And follow me.”—As in a vision fled
The servant of the Lord, and hardly knew
If the bright seeming of the night were true.
Through the self-opened gate the angel led
—Then disappeared—and holy Peter cried,
“ Now from the chains of death the Lord hath been
my guide !”

SONNET.

REVELATIONS, CHAP. XIV.

I LOOKED, and lo! upon Mount Sion stood
The Lamb of God—and, with his Father's name
Writ on their foreheads, a vast multitude—
Then as the sound of many waters came
A voice from heaven, like thunder, and the song
Was heard of harpers with their harps—the same,
Sung by the Lord's Redeemed, was borne along
Through the wide arch above—they who became
The followers of the Lamb, the pure from sin,
Whose lips were free from guile—and at the throne
Of God stood blameless—and who shone within
Their Father's kingdom with the immortal crown,
The earliest fruits of Him who died to save
His followers from the horrors of the grave.

SONNET.

MATTHEW, CHAP. XXVIII.

At early morn, before the Saviour's tomb,
The holy women wept—the conscious world
Shook with an earthquake—and amid the gloom
An angel-form appeared, and instant hurled
The mighty stone away—immortal bloom
Was round about him—and as lightning shone
His eyes and polished brow—the soldiers, come
To guard the saered sepulchre, fell down
Like dead men to the earth, o'reome with fear;
Then spoke the angel-messenger, “ I know
Ye seek the Christ—fear not, he is not here,
For he is risen as he promised—lo!
I 've told you—and he goes to Galilee,
And there again the Saviour ye shall see!”

SONNET.

ACTS, CHAP. 11.

A RUSHING, mighty wind was heard around—
Upon the men of God sat tongues like fire,
Fraught with the words that holy gifts inspire—
With utterance all divine: the varied sound
Of every nation through the air resound—
Mede, Parthian, Elamite. The gathering crowd
In wonder and amazement cry aloud,
“ What meaneth this?” and press with mockings
round.
Then Peter, with his chosen brethren, rose—
“ Men of Judea! listen to my word—
He whom ye crucified, our God hath chose
To be both Lord and Christ!”—and when they
heard,
With pierc'd hearts they said, “ What shall we do?”
“ Repent,” the Apostle cried, “ through Him who died
for you!”

AUTUMN VERSES.

O GENTLY, Autumn ! let thy breeze
Pass o'er my garden's bright array,
And softly touch the shadowy trees
That still their verdant leaves display.

Awhile with coy and lingering feet
Let Summer tread my blooming bowers,
Nor hasten with thy smiles to greet,
And parley with my lovely flowers.

I know thy glanee of treacherous light,
I feel thy breath's deceitful glow,
That decks my beds in colours bright,
The harbingers of coming woe.

O vain remonstrance ! nature yields,
And bends beneath the stern decree ;
Weak is the hand that fondly shields
From fate's unmerring destiny.

Then faster fade, a type of those
Who perished in their hour of bloon,
And let the beauteous emblems close,
And seek the earth's protecting gloom,—

That earth which bears within her breast
All radiant forms of hope and joy,
Where those true hearts have found a rest,
That pain and care shall ne'er annoy;

But all shall be revealed—and He,
The day-spring of our souls, shall rise.
And let the earth-bound spirit free,
To dwell in Summer's fadeless skies.

SONNET.

TO LADY J——.

LADY! if ever, 'mid the changing hours
Of life's vicissitude, my spirit sighs
To feel its woe, and vain repinings rise,
Fancy shall lead me to the happy bowers
Of thy loved home, and I shall smile to see
Thy beauty and thy virtues, in the calm
Of soft affection, and the magic charm
That lingers round thy path so tenderly—
And I shall gaze upon a cirele fair
Of lovely forms, whose opening graces bless
Thy bosom's tried and heartfelt tenderness—
O then to heaven shall rise the ardent prayer,
That He who scatters joy upon thy way,
May bless thee still to life's remotest day

SONNET.

I saw thee, Virtue, weeping o'er thy woe,
Yet lovely in thy tears—unnumbered sighs
Burst from thy heaving bosom, and the glow
Raised by the worldling's scorn, thy pale cheek dyes.
And thou wert long a mourner—haunted still
By the base throng that bow at Mammon's shrine.
Ambition mocked thee from her loftiest hill
With idle threat, and Pleasure's taunt was thine.
I see thee now—how changed, how beautiful !
The Christian's hope is kindled in thine eye,
Immortal hands the fadeless wreath shall cull,
That on thy spotless brow will ever lie ;
Whilst Faith points smiling to those realms above,
Where angels wait thee, and a Father's love !

SONNET.

To M. W.

Go on, my friend ! with sympathising heart
Cheer the sad hours of solitude and pain ;
Bid sweet though transient smiles relume again
The faded features, and with tender art
Scatter the gloom of sorrow, and impart
Once more a passing joy, where erst would reign
A lot of ceaseless gloom—bid life retain
Some relics of delight, though hope depart,
And earthly bliss is vanished : thus, even here,
Thy friend and thee shall know the peace that lives
Where pain shall be no more, and every tear
Is wiped by Him, whose hand reluctant gives
The cup of suffering : thus shall thoughts be thine
Lasting and pure, and meet for scenes divine.

H Y M N.

SAFE in the strength that guides and keeps,
My soul shall fear no harm ;
He never slumbers, never sleeps ;
I feel his strong right arm,

A pillar in the wilderness,
A light that leads me on,
Through scenes of toil or sore distress,
To worship at his throne.

O God ! I bend in reverence there,
Forgive thine erring child,
And keep me in thy guardian care,
Amid the desert wild.

Then may I see thee face to face,
And join the countless throng
Who sing the blessings of thy grace
In one harmonious song.

SONNET.

"I hate vain thoughts; but thy law do I love."—PSALM CXIX.

"VAIN thoughts I hate; thy law, O God, I love;"
And yet, as o'er thy book of life I bend,
Those thoughts will haunt me, in my musings blend,
And from its lowness my heart remove—
Aspiring hopes that should be fixed above,
And linger still 'mid scenes of earthly joy,
Distracting fears my bosom's peace destroy,
And in affliction's path I darkly rove.
Before my view, Time's empty pageants glide,
And human praise salutes my willing ear;
I dream of generous deeds, but find how near
The pure intent to all the worldling's pride.
Oh! that an heir of heaven's immortal cline
Can stoop to gather thus the weeds of time!

SONNET.

To T. D. H.

O do not think, my friend, because the rage
Of priestcraft met thy young and shuddering eye,
Think not the ever blest and hallowed page
Of God's own Word such guilty deeds can dye.
No—pure as thy own rivers, from on high
Pouring their mighty waters, is the love
Of Him who died for man. As to the sky
Thy mountains rise in beauty, such shall prove
The strength of virtue, liberty, and truth.
Then bear the tidings to some happier shore,
From superstition free, and fortune's ruth—
There never shall thy soul the sight deplore
Of persecution's frown—but, Freedom, thou!
Shall twine a wreath to deck thy votary's brow!

SONNET.

WITH A TESTAMENT.

My brother and my friend! if o'er thy soul
Almighty Wisdom pours his light of love,
With untired zeal the holy gift improve,
And every rising doubt and fear control—
For it shall guide thee to the heavenly goal
Of virtue, freedom, truth; and thou shalt rove
Through walks on high, in which blest spirits move,
Tuning their harps where living streamlets roll.
Then bind a sister's offering on thy heart,
And guard it as thy life; and though her voice
Salute thine ear no more—and though we part
'Mid earth's eventful scenes—we will rejoice,
In faith united still to seek His shrine,
And win the fadeless wreathes angelic hands shall
twine.

SONNET.

THOUGHT to my aching heart be still denied
The joy to fold thee in my fond embrace,
With tenderest care thy infant sorrows chase,
And with an untired love thy footsteps guide
To the blest fount where living waters glide—
Though now no more I gaze upon thy face,
And watch thy speaking glance—can aught erase
The hopes that once were mine ; when at my side,
With unreproved delight, and artless wile,
Thy gentle accents soothed my cares to rest :
And from the sunshine of thy beaming smile,
I felt the morning of thy day was blest ?
Ah no ! the hopes that hovered round thy head
Will linger there, till youth and life are fled.

MICAH, CHAP. VI. 6, 7, 8.

WHEREWITH shall I eome to the Lord's sacred altar,
And bow myself down to the High God above,
Shall I come with burnt offerings his dread will to alter,
Or ean saerified vietims his anger remove ?

With ten thousand rivers of oil ean I please him,
Shall I give my first-born for transgression in vain ;
For the sin of my soul will my offspring appease him,
Or incense asecnding his clemeney gain ?

Then what doth Jehovah, thy Maker, require of thee?
Hath he not shewed thee, O man, what is right?
Do justly, love mercey, and he will remember thee,
Walking still humbly, and true in his sight.

SONNET.

ON PERUSING A YOUTHFUL DIARY.

RECORD of days once mine ! of hours that flew,
In the bright dream of opening youth and joy—
I live each scene again—each dear employ,
That o'er my heart such peaceful transport threw.
So the loved friend, that we were wont to view
With careless smile, content to feel him near,
Estranged or absent, recollections dear,
Reeeeive the mournful tears to Friendship due.
Thus days beloved, departed ! hopes and fears,
The fond aspirations of the ardent soul,
The youthful faults, the busy thoughts that roll
Their ceaseless course within—the trust that cheers
My fate with changeless joy—here still I see,
And claim some tears from faithful Memory !

SONNET.

EREWHILE I grieved to mark the infant spring,
Imprisoned still in winter's chill embrace,
And nature languished; and her wonted grace
In vain I sought; and birds forgot to sing,—
When suddenly fair Flora's form appeared,
And from her lap exhaustless treasures threw;
On every side unnumbered flowers upreared
Their loveliness, to meet my raptured view.
Then as I gazed, no more my heart repined
O'er bloom deferred, by lingering winter's reign;
For shall not He whose wondrous love designed
These forms and hues of beauty, bid again,
In his *best* time, Creation's bloom appear,
And wake to life and light the slumbering year?

SONNET.

TO E. T.

FRIEND of my heart! erewhile when fortune smiled,
In the bright morning of life's fateful day,
Thy friendship shed its pure and steady ray
O'er every joy, and every care beguiled.
I loved thee then most truly—for I knew
Thy soul of virtue, and delighted sought
Union of deed, and interehange of thought:
And when the gathering clouds of sorrow threw
Their dark shade o'er my path, still thou wert there,
To mingle sweetness with my cup of woe,
And bid the tear of trusting patience flow.—
Oh! ever thus be thine the generous care
To cheer my sinking soul, and point above,
To scenes where we shall meet in peace and love.

SONNET.

ON HEARING OF SOME PROPOSED DEPARTURES TO AMERICA.

PATRIOTS ! whose throbbing hearts in sorrow bleed
To view a sinking land—who to the cause
Of Freedom cling, and England's injured laws—
O fly not, in your country's utmost need—
The strife is glorious—still with *unstained* hands
Maintain your sacred rights; nor in the hour,
When most we shrink beneath oppression's power,
Faithless, depart to search for happier lands.
Let cowards flee ! let slaves and despots roam
To foreign shores for peace they ne'er shall find :
But ye, who boast the free unshackled mind,
O stay, and live for brighter days to come—
With stedfast hearts placee your pure trust on high,
And fight the fight of truth and liberty !

SONNET.

To MRS. E. R.

THE winter days are come, when thou and I,
My much-loved sister! oft were wont to meet,
When thy dear converse bade the evenings fleet
In peaceful trust away: the memory
Of that departed time shall dim my eye
With tender thoughts of thee, and of thy love,
Which yet shall bless me. Though thy footsteps
move
No more where mortal eares can claim thy sigh,
How often shall I fix the stedfast gaze
Of fond regret on thy aecustomed chair,
And see thy sweet calm features pictured there,
Beaming with hope as in thy happiest days—
That hope which still thy fainting soul shall own,
Till lost in bliss before the immortal throne.

SONNET.

ADDRESSED TO MY SISTER.

As memory fondly gazes on the past,
Still, still to thee she turns with stedfast eye,
My sister and my friend! and with a sigh
O'er months and years that were too sweet to last,
Turns to thy constant love with changeless heart;
And therefore are we blest, in the pure trust
That will survive those visions of the dust,
When the beloved ones of our souls depart—
When he, the youngest of our youthful train,
Our's by the thousand ties of childhood's day,
Our's by the faith that will not pass away,
Fled from our arms, to scenes where grief and pain
Shall be no more—where his fair brow is sealed
In fadeless light, and glory unrevealed.

SONNET.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing ? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father."—*Matt. x. 29.*

"Let us cherish the assurance and the sense of the reality of *That* presence. It is holy motive, it is consolation, it is happiness, it is heaven, to feel that, by night and by day, through all changes of external circumstances or internal emotion, physically and morally, and for ever, in Him we live, move, and have our being."—*Channing.*

O God ! 't is happiness, and peace, and rest,
 To feel thy glorious presence ever near,
 Chasing each earthly doubt, each mortal fear,
 And breathing joy and rapture through the breast.
 By night, when gathering shades our eyes opprest,
 By day, when light and beauty beamed around,
 Still, still, thy watchful glance is ever round ;
 Through every change, thy creatures, Lord, are blest.
 For if the sparrow not unnoticed fall
 By Thee, whose arm unwearied guides the world,
 Whose power through boundless space the planets
 hurled,
 Yet guards each atom of this circling ball,—
 Shall we not live, and move, and breathe in Thee,
 And own thy mighty hand in all we see ?

SONG.

For ever thine ! for ever thine ! in youth's unclouded
hour,
With all of beauty I may boast, with all my earthly
dower ;
With love as pure, as tried, as true, as ever maiden
gave,
With love that will attend thee still, unfailing, to the
grave.

For ever thine ! for ever thine ! a light I 'll try to be,
Shining within our peaceful home, whate'er our lot
may be ;
And if our destined path should lie 'mid scenes of
pomp and pride,
My heart shall know no prouder boast than walking
by thy side.

And if the days of sorrow come to pale thy cheek
with care,
I 'll bend my knee in secrecy, and raise for thee my
prayer ;
And when the snows of age descend upon thy manly
brow,
I 'll gaze as fondly on thy face, as tenderly, as now.

And when the parting hour arrives, I 'll raise thy
dying head,
And watch around thy suffering couch, with soft and
noiseless tread ;
And if I leave thee lonely here, for blissful scenes of
love,
For ever thine ! for ever thine ! I 'll wait for thee
above !

SONNET.

ADDRESSED TO MR. ——.

—

FRIEND of my Father! ere these eyes beheld
The honored form by thee beloved, revered,
Ere my young lips could speak the name endeared,
Or tell the thoughts that in my bosom dwelled,
Thou wert my Father's friend! still constant held
His fame and fortunes ever as thine own :
When worldlings whispered, thou the shafts repelled,
And failed not when the gifts of earth were flown.
And constant still when death, with lingering hand,
Released the spirit from its earthly chain,
Thou stoodst a mourner midst our sorrowing band,
And felt the parting pang with equal pain.
Then shall my fervent prayer to heaven ascend,
For him my Father loved—*my Father's friend.*

SONNET.

YES, it was happiness! though earthly joy
Was distant far—and though sad thoughts arose
For other's weal, to chase my heart's repose—
Yet it was bliss, to know the dear employ
Of leading souls to thee, O God of love!

On those who sat within the shade of death,
Pouring thy living light—and when the breath
Of morning rose, with willing feet to move,
And guide young hearts to kindle at the shrine
Of nature's Lord—as in each happy hand
I clasped a loved one—links of that dear band
Whose early sweetness round my soul entwine—
Leading their infant spirits on the way
To virtue's heights, and heaven's eternal day.

SONNET.

O NEVER shall my soul the thoughts forego
Of high and pure intent, that lead me on
To virtue's heights, and the immortal crown
Wreathed of the flowers that in heaven's garden grow.
What though I tread a path of tears and woe,
Nor mortal joy attendant on my way,
The light of hope shall 'mid the darkness play,
And purer pleasures teach my heart to glow.
I long to join the blissful band on high,
The spirits of the just—who overcame
The bonds of sin—and whose undying fame
Shall guide me to their glorious destiny.
Then shrink not, oh my soul! but, undismayed,
Seek for the crown of life which will not fade.

SONNET.

AGAIN I see thee in the house of prayer
Raise thy meek eyes above, and purest praise
Once more to heaven, in sweet and hallowed lays,
Flows from thy mournful lips— yes, heavy care
Has paled thy cheek sinee last I saw thee here,
And cast thick shades of sorrow on thy brow.
The God of peace be with thee ! and bestow
A blessing on thy sorrowing— may the tear
For him thou loved, be mingled with the joy
That cannot perish— in thy fame, oh God !
Still let thy servant kiss the chastening rod,
And holiest thoughts her aching heart employ ;
Whilst hopes of heavenly birth shall gild the gloom,
And chase the horrors of the silent tomb.

SONNET.

'Mid thousand thoughts of coming woes opprest,
Sleep stole upon me, and Futurity !
I dreamt thy shadows round my pillow prest,
And *thou* wert in that dim obscurity,
A dark and shapeless form—the troubled sky,
Was covered with a thick impervious veil,
That hid the story of my destiny.
Weeping, I called on *thee* to tell the tale—
The dark veil fell—and oh ! my best beloved,
I saw thee pass, wrapt in the garb of death.
Friend—brother—still the mournful shadows moved,
Pale, beautiful, crowned with the immortal wreath.
Shivering, I waked—oh bliss ! those eyes to see,
In *living* beauty, gently bent o'er me !

THE IRISH EXILE'S ADIEU

FAREWELL, farewell ! my own green Isle,
A long farewell to thee ;
With burning tears and bitter smile,
Thy lessening shores I see !

Vain tears ! that fall unheeded now
Upon the watery main ;
And smile that mocks the pallid brow,
Where care and sorrow reign.

O Isle beloved ! why should I grieve
To quit thy ravaged soil ?
Why weep thy suffering sons to leave,
O'erwhelmed with fruitless toil ?

My home ! my country ! could I bear
To view thy hopeless doom,—
To listen to thy last despair,—
To find a traitor's tomb ?—

Oh no ! in other climes I 'll meet
The lonely Exile's lot ;
Yet for thy woes my heart shall beat,
Thy wrongs be unforgot.

Farewell, farewell ! my own green Isle,
A long farewell to thee ;
With burning tears, and bitter smile,
Thy lessening shores I see !

SONNET.

WRITTEN IN 1830.

EREWHILE a mighty spirit met my view,
Of form and mien majestic and sublime,
Bearing the semblance of the just and true.
That still survive amidst the wrecks of time;
In a far realm, where peace and freedom dwell.
Stedfast it stood, and waved its powerful hand—
The task achieved—I heard the trumpet-swell
Of its stern voice within a neighbour land—
And then 't was whispered *here*—the signal sound
Louder and louder grew, and the firm tread
Of its bold step re-echoed all around,
Telling of patriot hopes long cold and dead.—
Reform! at thy approach shall England see
The brightening day-star of her destiny!

WHERE does the wreath of freedom bloom
Most glorious and divine,—
Is it upon the hero's tomb,
Where glittering trophies shine?—

Or is it on the monarch's brow,
Upon his regal throne,
Where trembling millions round him bow,
And 'neath his sceptre groan?—

No, rather on the front serene,
Where patriot thoughts are rife;
There let the wreath be ever green,
And bloom in fadeless light.

THE POLISH MOTHER'S ADDRESS.

FOUNDED ON THE CIRCUMSTANCE OF A POLISH MOTHER PUTTING
HER CHILDREN AND HERSELF TO DEATH IN THE
LATE CALAMITIES.

YES! the day is arrived when the Despot is come,
With his band of assassins, to ravage my home;
He will tear my beloved from their fond mother's
breast,

From the arms where so oft I have hushed them to
rest.

Yet stay, haughty Tyrant! thy tortures forbear,
And list for awhile to a mother's last prayer:—
She will pray that her country, though sunk in the
dust,

Again may revive in the Patriot's trust;
That the hearts and the hands thou wilt trample on
now,

Indignant, may hurl the bright gems from thy brow:

And the blood that is spilt in the day of thy might,
Call aloud from the ground thy dark deeds to requite;
Whilst the loud voice of Freedom shall sound through
the land,

And disperse the base slaves of the Autocrat band.
O the day will arrive ! it is known to the love
Of the great God of Justice that dwelleth above ;
Who forgets not the wrongs of the injured and brave.
And sees and remembers the Patriot's grave.—
Yes ! the day will arrive ! but, alas ! shall I dare
To witness the scenes of a nation's despair—
To see the fond hopes of my bosom depart,
And live to lament o'er the loved of my heart—
To weep o'er the bier wheré my husband shall lie.
And pray in despair for my summons on high ?
Shall I wait till my sons in their bright youth are
gone
To the land of the Exile, uncherished, alone ?
Shall I watch them in chains and in anguish led forth
To the snow-eovered realms of the desolate north ?
Ah ! no ! cruel Tyrant ! thy power I defy,
And haste, with my children, my country, to die.

H Y M N.

WRITTEN ON A SUNDAY, DURING SICKNESS.

O DAY of peace, and love, and joy,
The Sabbath of my God!
Say shall not praise my lips employ,
To spread His name abroad?

How brightly beams the opening day.
How fair the landscape lies!
The dewdrop trembles on the spray,
And songs to heaven arise.

O Father! with a tardy voice
Shall I thy mercy sing,
Nor with the universe rejoice
My sacrifice to bring?

Though pain may shake my feeble frame,
And bend my spirit low;
I know from whence my suffering came,
And tears no longer flow.

I bless Thee for the happy hours
That lately cheered my heart;
I bless Thee still when sorrow lowers,
And those bright hours depart.

I may not seek Thy temple, Lord!
To bend adoring there;
But, strong in Thy unfailing word,
My soul shall own Thy care.

O day of peace, and love, and joy,
The Sabbath of my God!
Say shall not praise my lips employ,
To spread His name abroad?

VERSES.

WEIGHED down with thoughts of earth,
My spirit longs to rise,
And seek a nobler birth,
A home beyond the skies.

I see pure spirits there,
Who beckon me to come,
And view the mansions fair,
'Mid fields of fadeless bloom.

They whisper of the peace
That sainted souls shall know,
Where all the tears shall cease
That fall for mortal woe.

O not with tardy feet
I'll seek the narrow way,
Those angel-forms to greet,
In scenes of endless day.

SONNET.

“ It is not the will of my Father in heaven that one of these little ones should perish.”

THE day is beautiful; and nature springs
To life and light again—where art *thou* gone,
In thy young bloom, my own, my lovely one?
Nor sun, nor balmy air thine image brings
To bless my longing eyes—the violet flings
Its rathe perfume around—sweet warblers own
Their joy in varied song—yet sad, alone,
Can I rejoice when all surrounding things
Tell of thy opening beauty, shrouded now
In the cold precincts of the silent tomb?
I did not think to weep thy early doom,
My best beloved! yet would I meekly bow
To His decree, who, in the words of love,
“ She will not perish,” whispers from above.

MORNING HYMN,

FOR A YOUNG PERSON.

ANOTHER smiling day I see,
Another day, my God ! for thee ;
To thee may I devote my powers,
And all these bright and happy hours.

Another smiling day I see !
Then let me bend in prayer to Thee,
And thank Thee for my tranquil rest,
—The sleep thy guardian care has blest.

Another smiling day I see !
And various duty points to Thee ;
Let each devoted action prove
Thy child's unbounded faith and love.

When evening's tranquil shades descend,
With thee this smiling day shall end :
And still the darker shades of night,
Thy presence, Lord ! shall gild with light.

EVENING HYMN,

FOR A YOUNG PERSON.

ANOTHER smiling day is gone,
With Thee, O God ! I am alone ;
And ere I sleep, my thoughts I 'll raise
To thee, in love, and trust, and praise.

I praise Thee for the heavenly care
That bids my soul to Thee repair ;
And with pure heart and spirit pray,
" Pardon the sins I 've done to-day."

I love Thee for the gracious power
That kept me to this sacred hour ;
I bless thee for my happy home,
And trust Thee still for days to come.

And when the glowing east shall burn
With the sun's bright and blest return,
If thou another day bestow,
O teach me more thy love to know.

SONNET.

O FEAR not thou, my sister ! at thy side
I will be constant, patient, joyful still —
Thoughts of immortal peace my heart shall fill,
And through life's chequered paths securely guide.
Then tremble not ; by strong temptation tried,
My spirit springs in purer trust on high,
Though tears of mortal woe bedim mine eye,
My stedfast soul's unfading hopes abide.
And shall we murmur, whilst, with love unmoved,
We bend united at a Saviour's shrine,
And offer there words, thoughts, and deeds divine,
By sorrow chastened, and by suffering proved ?
O fear not thou, while friendship cheers our lot,
And heaven's eternal bliss is unforget.

SONNET.

AH! let no word or look the day profane,
Beloved! that saw our earthly fates entwine ;
And let the eyes that fondly turn to thine,
Find in thy face love's answering smiles again.
Those smiles are there, and blessings ever rest
Upon the love that through departed hours,
And days, and years, has strewed my path with
flowers.
Increased my joys, or made my sorrows blest.
Thou art my trust on earth, my bliss below—
Yet let me teach these idol thoughts to rise
To Him, who thus no mortal good denies,
But bids our cup with ceaseless joy o'erflow.
—So may the love inspired by heaven and thee,
Survive and blossom through eternity !

VERSES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.
—

I saw a vessel float along upon the summer tide,
And watched it o'er the rapid stream in tranquil
beauty glide;
No breeze of heaven disturbed the calm that rested
on the sea,
But skies above, and earth around, breathed peace
and harmony.

I watched that vessel till the wind aroused the sleeping
waves,
Yet still the angry billows' might the bark uninjured
braves;
And now the storm has passed away, and gentler
breezes rise,
And once again it sails along beneath the clear blue
skies.

Heaven speed thee safely, lovely bark! upon thy
destined way,
Till thou shalt gain the joyful shore where no rude
billows play.
Thus may *thy* gentle spirit o'er life's changeful ocean
move,
Till thou shalt hail a haven bright, a "better land"
of love!

SONNET.

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF "SHADES OF CHARACTER."

Yes, gentle teacher, though unknown, thy page
Has taught my heart to love thee; *there* I find
The image of thy pure and noble mind:
Traced by thy pencil, venerable age,
Useful maturity, fair forms that rise
In youthful loveliness, the artless glee
Of bounding childhood, and sweet infancy
In its first budding sweetness, charm our eyes;
Whilst thus religion, virtue, truth, and love,
From heavenly sourees, and through strength divine,
Dwell in thy words, and breathe along the line,
Proceed—and may the world thy gifts improve,
And *thou*, still elevate in heart and soul,
Yet humble-minded, seek the Christian goal.

ISAIAH, CHAP. LX. 19, 20, 21.

THE sun shall no more shed his brightness upon thee,
The moon give her beams in the darkness of night,
But the Lord of all power shall himself be thy glory,
The great God above thy unperishing light.

The moon shall no longer withdraw in the dawning,
The bright sun go down in the evening to rest,
For the Lord shall be thine—an unchangeable
morning,
And thy days on the earth be eternally blest.

Thy people shall then be all righteous and holy,
And in peace shall for ever inherit the land;
The branch of my planting, wherein I will glory,
The pride and the wonderful work of my hand.

ON THE DEATH OF R. C.

THOU didst not die when the light of fame
Was shining bright around thee,
When a thousand tongues pronounced thy name.
And the conqueror's laurel erowned thee.

Thou didst not die when the myrtle band,
And the Poet's meed, was brought thee ;
No sighs were thine from a vanquished land,
No flattering voices sought thee.

But thine was the voice that cheered thee still,
When the world of hope bereft thee ;
That taught thy bosom with joy to thrill,
When all other voices left thee.

And thine was the sacred light that gleamed,
When the shadow of death came o'er thee ;
And brighter and brighter its lustre beamed,
As on to thy grave we bore thee.

And thine is the Christian's hallowed rest,
And thine is the Christian's glory ;
Thy name shall live in the Christian breast,
And thy fame in the Christian's story.

SONNET.

SEE ! where relentless winter slow retires,
And frees fair nature from his cold embrace,
Spring's balmy gales his lingering horrors chase,
And wake to song once more the tuneful quires.
Oh, welcome, lovely spring ! again I trace
In all that meets my gaze thy magic power,
With raptured eye survey thy budding flower,
And watch with eager glance each opening grace.
I love alone, unseen, thy hours to spend,
And careless roam the green enamelled mead,
Pondering o'er many a pure and virtuous deed,
Sweet as the rural sounds that round me blend.
Content, by Nature's charms, unconscious, taught
To breathe the generous wish, and form the heaven-
ward thought.

SONNET.

'Mid spring's inspiring gales, and budding sweets,
The day dawns bright that gave my Henry birth;
A thousand flowers adorn the laughing earth,
And Nature's rosy smiles with joy we greet,
And thus you bloom, dear boy, in life's gay spring,
No worldly blight has marred thy opening youth;
Erewhile content, with innocence and truth,
To taste the bliss domestic joys can bring.
O, ever thus! accept a sister's prayer—
In life's bright summer, her autumnal day,
Tread, with unwearied foot, fair virtue's way,
And "fear thy God, but have no other fear:"
So, in dark winter's hour, thy heart shall know
The bliss that days well spent, and virtuous deeds,
bestow.

SONNET.

NAY, weep not—nor that form beloved let tears
Profane with idle woe—*that* time is past.
The time *has* been when eares, and toils, and fears,
Whieh only mothers know, had drawn them fast
From sterner eyes than thine—but do we mourn
When conquerors win their wreaths? when, the
wild strife
Of mortal combat o'er, our bosoms burn
To grant the meed of Fame, more dear than life?
And shall the Christian victor, in a field
Of nobler warfare, wage his ceaseless fight,
Winning celestial triumphs, yet we yield
No voicee of joy to hail the glorious sight?
Come, let us gaze upon this peaceful shrine,
And muse on visions of the life divine.

VERSES.

WELCOME through danger, fear, and pain,
 Welcome, my infant love, to me ;
Although I should endure again
 The pangs of Nature's stern decree.

O welcome ! though the joyful smiles
 That wreath the lip to see thee here,
Are dimmed with tears—*thy* smile beguiles
 My heart of all its grief and fear.

Welcome, and may the sacred will
 That gives thee to our happy home,
Be present to my bosom still,
 And guard thee, love, from ills to come.

Safe in thy parents' arms—may we,
 United, guide thine infant feet,
Where angel songs shall welcome thee,
 And words divine thy entrance greet.

SONNET.

ON VISITING THE SCENES OF MY YOUTH.

— — —

CROWD round me, memories of the buried past,
Come in your forms of beauty and of light,
Ere yet my heart had felt its early blight,
Or wept o'er grief, the bitterest and the last.
Home of my youth ! I hail thy peaceful bowers,
Where he, our loved one, waked to life and joy ;
He sports before me now, a blissful boy ;
Again I weave with him the summer flowers.
Playmate, and friend, and brother—by each name,
Most dear on earth, I call thee to my side—
Alas ! thy footsteps never more shall glide
Amongst these verdant walks, as once they came,
Elate with health and joy—then let me go
And weep warm tears where thou art sleeping low.

SONNET.

TO MY SISTER.

Now with a fonder love and warmer prayer,
Than erst in years gone by, again I raise
A song of joy for thee, and as in days
Departed we were ever wont to share
Each smile and tear, and mingle every care ;
So hear once more, beloved, the hope that plays
Unehanged around my heart, and sheds its rays
Upon thy onward path—whether it wear
The aspect of delight—or sorrow give
The semblance of a woe—yet in thy breast
Guileless and pure unnumbered joys shall live,
Safe in *His* love who makes his followers blest.—
And still, in heart and mind, I'll share with thee
Those joys—the earnest of Eternity.

SONNET.

MILTON.

A PASSAGE PARAPHRASED FROM DR. CHANNING'S ESSAY ON
MILTON.

BEHOLD him in his last years desolate,
Forsaken, fallen—in man's erring sight
Condemned by Power Supreme to his dark state—
But sightless, still he lives in happier light—
His inward eye ranges on nature's face,
And sheds on her beams brighter than the sun :
In pure imagination's fadeless grace,
Heaven, Hell, and Paradise are his—still run
His retrospective glances to past days—
To sages, and apostles, prophets, knights,
Heroes, and gifted bards. Then Time displays
Her future triumphs, and his soul delights
In Freedom's glorious reign—whilst smiling Fame
Points to the hearts *now* throbbing at his name.

FUNERAL HYMN,

ON OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF THE REV. J. HINCKS, LATE OF
LIVERPOOL.

SUNG AFTER THE FUNERAL SERMON, 13TH FEB. 1831.

“He, being dead, yet speaketh.”—HEB. xi. 4.

HARK! Christians, to the tones that fill
Each listening mourner’s ear,
“He, being dead, yet speaketh still,”
His voice is hovering near.

O listen *now*, though once the sound
Might coldly touch thy breast,
Those gentle accents float around
From mansions of the blest.

They speak to youth in warning strain,
To shun temptation’s way,
Nor venture ’midst the pleasures vain
Of life’s delusive day.

They speak to those in manhood's pride,
As they were wont to speak,
To lay their worldly trust aside,
And better riches seek.

And gently to the infant band
They speak of heavenly things,
And tell of that enduring land
Where endless pleasure springs.

And to the Christian bent with years,
They breathe in words of love,
And bid him lay aside his fears,
And find his rest above.

O not in vain his death shall be,
Whose life so brightly shone,
For "being dead, yet speaketh he,"
In accents all his own.

So, though we ne'er shall see him more
Within this hallowed fane,
Yet let us live his virtues o'er,
Nor make his labours vain.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."—PSALM XXIII. 4.

THOU must go forth alone, my soul !
Thou must go forth alone,
To other scenes, to other worlds,
That mortal hath not known.
Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
To tread the narrow vale ;
But He whose word is sure has said,
His comforts shall not fail.

Thou must go forth alone, my soul !
Along the darksome way,
Where the bright sun has never shed
His warm and gladsome ray ;

And yet the Sun of Righteousness
Shall rise amidst the gloom,
And scatter from thy trembling gaze
The shadows of the tomb.

Thou must go forth alone, my soul ?
To meet thy God above ;
But shrink not—he has said, my soul.
He is a God of love.
His rod and staff shall comfort thee
Across the dreary road,
Till thou shalt join the blessed ones
In heaven's serene abode.

SONNET.

ADDRESSED TO MY FATHER.

I GAZED on those who in the sacred cause
Of truth were met, and sacred liberty,
On lips that longed to call a brother free,
And hearts that mourned o'er justice' injured laws :
Joyful I hailed them—for the strength that awes
Oppression's power, was there—and days *shall* be,
Of purer fame in England's destiny.
Then wherefore starts the tear, and what withdraws
My eyes in sadness from that festive scene ?
'T was that I sought in vain the form revered,
Whose voice the virtuous loved, the base ones feared,
Alas ! no longer in that circle seen—
Yet still the grace of virtue, truth, and fame
Adorns his peaceful age, and consecrates his name.

VERSES,

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY A CHILD, ON THE
DEATH OF HIS SISTER.

I SEEK thy garden's narrow bound,
 My sister, with a constant love,
And wateh the flowers that spring around,
 And near thy borders gently rove.

Thy favorite flowers are dear to me,
 Whate'er their form or varied hue,
And though a thousand more I see,
 My heart to thine shall still be true.

The smiling sun is eome again,
 And shines upon thy loved retreat ;
O what can now thy steps detain,
 Where linger now thy fairy feet ?

This rose for thee its fragrance shed,
The primrose and the eglantine,
The violet in its scented bed,
And all, my sister, all are thine.—

No other hand shall dare intrude,
To bear thy flowery store away ;
I 'll chide each footstep wandering rude,
And guard thy border's bright array.

And in the summer's happy hours,
When youthful hearts with joy resound,
I 'll linger near thy favorite flowers,
And hear thy soft voice whispering round.

And though pale winter's form appear,
And chase away thy garden's bloom,
The falling leaves shall more endear
The memory of thy early tomb.

Fair flowers ! though earth your sweets receive,
And hide you in her quiet breast,
I will not o'er your reliques grieve,
Or murmur at your transient rest.

Those thousand dyes that meet my view,
The spring shall wake to life and light,
And every bud and leaf renew,
And every flower that charms my sight.

And spring her freshening dews shall shed,
My sister, on thy cold repose ;
Yet still their influence o'er thy bed
No infant sweetness shall disclose.

But He who elads the leafless tree,
And bids the vanished flower return,
O will not he his creatures love,
And guard the sad funereal urn ?

Then o'er my sister's quiet sod
I 'll shed the tears of hope and love,
And, whilst she sleeps in peace with God,
Wait for a happier rest above.

A garland of her loveliest flowers
I 'll lay upon the grassy mound,
Till on her brow, in blissful bowers,
A wreath of living sweets be found.

SONNET.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN IN THE DINGLE, TOXTETH PARK.

Heedless stranger! who so long
 Hast listened to an idle song;
 When trifles thus thy notice share,
 Hast thou no urn that asks thy care?

ROSCOE.

Inscription in the Dingle, Toxteth Park.

As summer wanes, and autumn breezes come,
 To whisper words of warning, and to sigh
 Amidst the leaves that in our pathway lie,
 Making sad music as we onward roam,
 With mournful heart I seek a passing home
 Within this dell, where faithful memory
 Brings shadowy forms to greet my longing eye—
 The forms beloved of those whose earthly doom
 'T was mine to share—how silently they glide,
 With smile serene, amongst these verdant shades.
 But ah! in vain I call them to my side,
 And as I gaze, the lovely vision fades;
 Whilst a soft voice is borne upon the air,
 "Hast thou no urn, my child, that asks thy care?"

SONNET.

ON READING "MEMOIRS OF MARGARET DAVIDSON."

CELESTIAL Spirit! in those bowers above,
Where, clad in fadeless bloom, I see thee dwell,
Thou, who the passing joys of earth could tell,
In those impassioned words that ever move
The inmost soul of feeling—whose pure love
With kindred ardour bids my bosom swell,
And every baser thought in scorn repel,
Which thy young spotless hours should aught reprove
—If 't is thy Father's will, that guardian saints
Watch o'er his children here—then, Spirit! bend
Thy heavenly eyes upon me—hither send
Some beams of bliss, that when my weak heart faints
In scenes of earthly woe, my soul may rise,
And seek, like thine, communion with the skies!

SONNET.

ON READING A MS. MEMOIR.

WHEREFORE should tears descend on words that tell
Of writing still enshrined in living hearts,
Although the angel whom ye loved departs
To seenes where kindred spirits ever dwell
Before the Eternal throne, yet it is well
That she, whose life was purity and truth,
Should linger here, whilst youthful hope and joy
Were still her own, departing ere the spell
Of earthly bliss was chilled by sorrow's power.
And still, my friend, within your happy home,
Dwell the fond thoughts that centre in the tomb
Of lost Eliza—telling of the hour
When you shall greet her in eternal peace,
Where absence, pain, and death for ever cease.

SONNET.

THOUGH the glad days are gone, but not forgot,
When we were wont to greet the friend we loved.
'Mid our forsaken bowers—though those who roved
With careless footsteps in the sacred spot
Where love and friendship blessed their early lot,
Soon felt the changes of relentless fate,
That still attend on life's uncertain state ;
Yet shall those seenes, that friend be unforgot—
And she who ever met with joyful smile
The pleasant hours when hope and fancy threw
Their treasured sweets before her tranced view.
Now seeks with grateful purpose to beguile
The passing hour, or raise fond thoughts of those
Who in the silence of the grave repose.

INTRODUCTORY SONNET,

TO "SACRED OFFERING."

Not with mistrusting heart, or anxious brow,
My little book, I send thee forth again—
So thou the suffrage of the good obtain,
I seek not what the worldling can bestow
Of perishable praise—enough to know
That at the lonely couch of grief or pain
Thy simple page one passing smile can gain,
Or kindle in the breast devotion's glow.
Yet shouldst thou find a place in blissful bower,
'Midst happy hearts, unthinking of their doom,
In the fond trust of that delusive hour,
O whisper to them of the coming gloom,
And tell them of the faith whose mighty power
Can light the dreary precincts of the tomb.

SONNET.

WRITTEN AFTER PERUSING SOUTHEY'S "LIFE OF COWPER."

O MORTAL love, how noble, pure, divine,
Cowper ! it glowed within thy gentle breast ;
If joy inspired thee, or if grief deprest,
The varied task of friendship still was thine.
And in the hapless days of thy decline,
When direst woe thy suffering mind o'erthrew,
Still thy unchanging heart to *her* was true,
Till even madness could its claims resign.
If such thy mortal love, O who can say
The bliss that might await thee, when thine eye
Gazed on the glories of eternity,
And love immortal shed its heavenly ray,
Scattering the darkness from thy troubled soul,
Like clouds that vanish in the sun's control !

H Y M N.

"In the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast."

THOUGH the Eternal ages roll,
They cannot touch my deathless soul,
For thou, O God ! wilt safety bring,
Within the shadow of thy wing.

In life, thy presence shall be near,
To chase away tormenting fear ;
In death, I 'll breathe my latest sigh,
In peaeeful trust, if Thou art nigh.

Though o'er my eold and narrow bed
A countless multitude may tread,
At Jesus' voiee the senseless clay
Shall rise, in robes of bright array.

O God ! preserve my stedfast will,
To live within thy mercies still,
And let thy wing's protecting might
Still hover 'mid the shades of night.

To L. A. J.

Go to the house of prayer,
And bend in reverenee there,
And seek the peaceful joy
Whieh earth can ne'er destroy.

Go to the house of prayer,
And with thy kindred share
That love which guides us still
To Zion's holy hill.

Go to the house of prayer,
Thy youthful offering bear,
Of tender hopes and fears,
That wait thy eoming years.

Go to the house of prayer,
Whilst on the silent air
A mother's voiee shall rise
For *thee* beyond the skies.

ON PLACING FLOWERS ON A TOMBSTONE.

SWEETS to the loved and lonely dead.
On his cold and hallowed bed ;
Let them gently wither there,
Image of my soul's despair.

Thus the hopes and joys of youth
Perish at the touch of truth ;
Thus the lovely sink to rest
On the earth's protecting breast.

Flowers ! that now so fondly bloom
On my brother's sacred tomb,
Whisper to my failing heart,
" He shall live, though we depart ! "

H Y M N

HOLY JESUS! blessed name!
Who on earth for sinners came,
Thou wilt help me, thou wilt guide
Safely to thy Father's side.

Jesus! in the hour of woe,
Thou wilt all my suffering know;
Thou wilt help me, thou wilt guide
Safely to thy Father's side.

Jesus! at the throne of love,
Thou wilt plead my cause above;
Thou wilt help me, thou wilt guide
Safely to thy Father's side.







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